

Distance doesn't lend enchantment to one's view of the almighty dollar.

The stork should have been given a hint that Papa Zimmerman's purse strings could be loosened only by a boy.

Eighty-two per cent of the housekeepers of the country get along with out hired girls. The eighteen per cent—

Love, like lightning, seldom strikes twice in the same place. That's why widows usually marry for money the second time.

Countries needing the American engine only have a supply of American coal to make them happy, and the coal is rapidly reaching them.

Girls, if you haven't found the right one yet, don't be disheartened. A Chicago woman was recently married the third time to the same man.

It was the irony of fate. A couple of burglars broke into a building at Rochester, N. Y., which they supposed was a warehouse. It proved to be a jail.

Bad grammar may be cured by medical treatment, according to a German specialist. This discovery will be a boon to some of our statesmen and would-be statesmen.

The Supreme Court of Michigan has decided that bicyclists have a right to ride on the sidewalks. There seems to be nothing left to pedestrians but the right to turn in Providence.

Sarah Grand, author of "Heavenly Twins," says American gentlemen are the most chivalrous in the world. Ah, there, Sarah, just tell your manager to forward a list of your lecture dates.

Hardly has the twentieth century got well started before a sparker at a women's club says the nineteenth century, of which those who lived in it were so proud, was crude and uncivilized.

What a woman can't understand is how a man will stay up every night for six weeks running all over town trying to make votes for a candidate he doesn't know, but getting hopping mad if he has to run across the street to get some paragon for his own baby.

"Don't watch the clock," was Mr. Edison's advice to a young man who recently asked him how to succeed. Profoundly significant is that old joke about the laborer who left his pickaxe hanging in the air at the stroke of noon. A hanging pickaxe is the fittest emblem for a confirmed clock-watcher—and the pickaxe hangs always in the air, never digs out a path for him to advance upon.

Juliet's "What's in a name?" might be asked regarding the vessels of the British navy which have borne the names of reptiles. It is said that four Vipers have been wrecked, the last of the name but recently, and a Cobra still more lately has broken in two and gone to the bottom with officers and men. Also four Serpents, three Lizards, two Snakes, one Alligator, one Crocodile, one Rattlesnake, one Basilisk, and two Dragons—which are not reptiles, have at various times met with disaster. British tars, it is said, have a superstitious feeling of dislike against sailing in vessels bearing such names. Lucky or unlucky, the names are needlessly disagreeable.

The decision of the Michigan Supreme Court that bicyclists have a right to ride their wheels on the sidewalks under proper restrictions is likely to cause a great deal of trouble in Michigan cities and in those of any other State which adopts the principle of the decision. If bicycling were permitted on the crowded streets in the business sections of a city it would amount to an intolerable evil. Their total exclusion from sidewalks of this character is based upon the principle that the sidewalks, as their name implies, were set apart for pedestrians, and that vehicles of any kind which would interfere with the free and safe use of such sidewalks have no right to be or to be operated there, except as such right or privilege may be granted by the City Council. City Councils have, we believe, been usually disposed to extend this privilege to sidewalks through sparsely settled districts where there were no bicycle paths and either no pavement or a very bad one. All the just claims of the bicyclist to the use of the sidewalk when the conditions exclude him from the street can be far better met, with a due regard for the convenience and safety of the pedestrian public, by starting with the principle that he has no original right there and must get his privilege from the Council, than by assuming that he has an original right to go there and that the Council can only restrict the manner of its exercise. We do not believe the Michigan decision will be followed by the courts of other States, or that wheelmen generally will regard it with favor. As a rule they have no use for sidewalks where they are liable to come into collision with pedestrians unless driven to them by the bad condition of the street.

Life imprisonment is at its best a punishment so horrible that only a sense of its absolute necessity can reconcile one to the infliction of it upon a fellow human being. To spend years after year in close confinement, living only in order to wait for death, is a thought from which the mind recoils, and the strength of the instinct of self-preservation is nowhere more clearly displayed than in the fact that men are willing to face this prospect rather than shorten their tortures by submitting to the noise of the electric chair. If then, life imprisonment is in any case terrible to contemplate, how much is its terror heightened when the person who is condemned to undergo it is so young as to make it seem probable that four-fifths of his life will be spent within the prison walls!

on walls! Smith Jones, of Warwick County, Indiana, entered upon such a term of detention a few weeks ago. He is at present 13 years old, and has been guilty of so cold-blooded a murder that the Judge who tried his case, concluding that he would derive no benefit from the reform school, sent him directly to State prison, there to remain for the rest of his natural life. If the boy is an ordinary boy, betrayed into an act of murder by sudden impulse, the sentence passed upon him is certainly unjustifiable. A certain number of years in the reform school would probably send him back to the world a steady and responsible citizen. But it seems likely that the boy had shown tendencies that made his reformation impossible. He was probably what the sociologists call a "degenerate" and what medical men call a "pervert," with a physical and moral nature so hopelessly diseased that the only possible course of action was to separate him from his fellows and to put him in a place where his depraved instincts, altogether ungovernable under other conditions, might be confined and repressed. It is a life lost, but the loss seems inevitable. The most careful investigation should be made, however, and the boy's case should not be abandoned until it is altogether hopeless.

The other day a young man, son of a New Yorker, who left a million-dollar estate, was in court, insisting that he could not pay a judgment of \$500,000, in fact, any of his debts. He declared that he had been reared in idleness, in an atmosphere of wealth. When his father died he left the son \$3,000 a year, and no more. He also left him as helpless as a baby, with a mind unstocked with a single thought that would sell for money in the business world. Muscles! This young fellow had it, but he couldn't compete with the poorest man in a sewer trench. The \$500,000 was nothing for a man who belonged to several clubs and associated with people who could buy him and sell him and never feel it. Viewed from a moral standpoint, he is a good deal of a coward. The man who buys things knowing that he can not pay for them is a swindler. You can not call him anything else. If he has anything more than water in his veins he will work. He will dump the clubs and high-living associates and get down to business. He will learn, and find no disgrace in toil. But what of a man who allows his son to grow up in idleness? It is an imposition. It is not fair. It is inviting disaster. How easily fortunes take flight in this country! There is history for it. The millionaire of today may be the poor man to-morrow. The moving van backs up in front of his stone palace and he goes to live in a tenement. There is nothing certain about riches—not even their paramount desirability. It is often easier to make money than to keep it. The youth who grows to manhood without any greater idea of the practical side of life than how to order a wine supper or guide an automobile may have to wear his tennis suit in lieu of underwear in chill December, and the world doesn't offer him much sympathy when trouble comes. Every man should teach his boys to do something. His bank account isn't a part of the issue. The real independence is called trained ability, and it is capital that is always available. Every man should have some of it, for when he does need it he needs it badly.

Scared by a Lawyer's Card. A Newark lawyer was sitting in his office when Mrs. B., a friend, entered, and proceeded to tell him of the difficulty a Mr. C. was in through a loan he had made to Mr. D. Mr. C. was in great need of the money, but Mr. D. refused to return the sum, which was quite a large one.

"I think," said Mrs. B. to the lawyer, "that if you should take hold of the case you could collect the money."

"All right," said the lawyer, thinking of the neat little fee that would be his after he had succeeded in inducing Mr. D. to part with the sum claimed by Mr. C. "I'll give you one of my cards to hand to Mr. C. If he will step in and see me I'll handle the case for him."

Shortly afterward the lawyer left the city for a few days' outing in the country. On his return he inquired of Mrs. B. what had become of Mr. C. and his claim against Mr. D.

"Oh, that's all settled," replied the woman. Mr. C. said he just went to Mr. D., showed him your card, and said he had retained you in the case. Mr. D. paid the money at once."

Now the lawyer is wondering where his prospective fee is coming in. He believes he has a good case against Mr. C. for about 1 per cent of the amount of Mr. C.'s loan, but has not decided whether to press the case or not.—Newark News.

Ambushed, Poor Fellow! "When does the next train that stops at Montrose leave here?" asked the resolute widow at the booking office window.

"You'll have to wait five hours, ma'am."

"I don't think so."

"Well, perhaps you know better than I do."

"Yes, sir! And perhaps you know better than I do whether I am expecting to travel by that train myself, or whether I am inquiring for a relative that's visiting at my house! And maybe you think it's your business to stand behind there and try to instruct people about things they know as well as you do, if not better! And perhaps you'll learn some day to give people civil answers when they ask you civil questions, young man; but my opinion is you won't!"

"Yes, ma'am!" gasped the booking clerk.—London Answers.

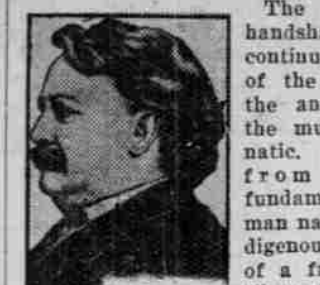
Occupations in Norway. Sixty per cent of the population of Norway live by agriculture, 15 per cent by manufacturing and lumbering, 10 per cent by commerce and trade, 5 per cent by mining, and the remainder are in the professions and the army and navy and engaged in different employments.

What has become of the old-fashioned woman who thought she could not invite a soul to the house to eat without including the preacher and his wife?

Some poems show considerable feeling, yet they fail to touch.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

The American Handshake.



The "official handshake" will be continued in spite of the menace of the anarchist and the murderous fanatic. It springs from something fundamental in human nature and is therefore of a free country.

There is no doubt that safeguards much more stringent than those resorted to in the past will hereafter be thrown about the person of the President of the United States, to head the awful example of the tragedy at Buffalo would be criminal negligence. On the other hand, however, these protective measures must and will be put in force without the personal knowledge of the President.

The American handshake is an elemental expression of American democracy which will remain.

All sorts of motives will dictate the continuance of this practice; but the best one—and probably that which has the most vitality in it—is that of the natural friendliness and courtesy of the typical American who has attained political distinction and position. When he is in a crowd of Americans he feels that he is surrounded by his own people. He asks himself: "What is there to be afraid of? Why should anyone wish to do me harm?"

From the bottom of his heart comes the answer:

"There is nothing to fear. These are my friends and I will not do them the injustice to suspect that one of them would lift a finger to injure me."

This answer is honest and hearty and all the tragic proofs that such logic is not safe, at least so far as the chief executive of the country is concerned, do not seem to apply in the case of the ordinary public man who faces a crowd of his own countrymen.

WILLIAM E. MASON,
United States Senator from Illinois.

The Young Man's Chances.

The progressive youth, reared in a small town, chafes under the restraint of his environment. He longs for contact with the whirl and bustle of a metropolitan city, possibly realizing his wish, and ultimately goes to a large city like New York or Chicago, and, if you please, takes up the study of some profession. After several years of life in this whirlpool of activity, what does he come to see and feel? Simply this: that in the large city there is so much to see, to hear, to read, to study, so many of each kind, that all is confusion. He finds that every day he is unconsciously drifting more and more into superficial habits. The mind is absorbed in receiving, and has no time for considering, and in a day's run out of town now and then he can do more real thinking than in a month amid all this confusion of opportunities.

To get the most out of life the young man must be moral, honest, energetic, ambitious and for all this, regardless of his ability, he needs a stimulus, and what can be better than the calcium light of public observation under which he always walks in a smaller city. There he enjoys advantages, not so many as to



confuse—there he has at once a standing which he must so live as to maintain. In the great city individuality is reduced to a minimum; prominent attainments give a man no special prestige, except in small gatherings where his virtues may be explained in advance. All live at the topmost speed, and so far as the public is concerned indifference is encountered on every hand, save among a small circle of intimate friends. No matter where the man goes, he is ever among a few friends and a great many strangers.

For a man to make the most of his life and give the most to his fellows, he must be a substantial part of a community and not a mere cog in the intricate machinery of metropolitan activity. Of course he is worse, an eager onlooker, with no chance to obtain a place in the crowded procession. And now with the great advantages which the smaller cities afford—with mail delivery, daily papers, telephone, and the like—the handicaps are farms—the young professional man of today will find richer possibilities for himself than ever before in the smaller cities of our country.

WEBSTER BARTON.

Some New Laws are Needed.



I fully appreciate the excellence of your political, economic and educational systems. Too much cannot be said in praise of the founders of this country.

As to the strife which is almost constantly being waged between capital and labor in this country, it is said that capital is antagonistic to labor. Why is this so? One is essential to the other. There should be a better application of the value of both. Trusts and labor unions should unite. Why should not disputes between capital and labor be taken into the courts like civil suits for settlement?

Referring to the immigration laws of the United States, this country needs restrictive immigration laws of general scope and not laws that single out one race. If it is deemed advisable to make such laws, let the laws apply to all Asians and Europeans. I am sure the American people, who love fair play, will not enact legislation to oppress a people who are not in a position to retaliate. China has 350,000,000 people, and her immense territory is able to support this population. Chinamen love home and have a horror of traveling abroad. All Chinamen, except diplomats who leave

China, come from the province of Quau Tung. The treaty of 1888 was made to stop Chinese labor, but since, laws have been passed keeping out Chinese merchants and traders; consequently the high and worthy Chinese do not get into this country.

WU TING FANG,
Chinese Minister at Washington

No Antitoxin for Tuberculosis.

As to the possibility of developing some antitoxin that would prevent one from acquiring tuberculosis, I think it very remote. The medical analogy between smallpox and tuberculosis is not sufficiently related to make the reasoning of one apply to the other. In smallpox practically everyone is liable to the disease unless vaccinated.

With tuberculosis the human system establishes, through vital resistance, a natural immunity from the disease. It is only where the general health of the individual is run down that he is liable to contract the disease. On the other hand, in smallpox high systemic vigor does not, per se, immunize one. As a matter of fact, we do not know how vaccine prevents smallpox, neither do we know how nature cures tuberculosis. Of course we are pathologically familiar with the changes that nature institutes, by lesions where tuberculosis is cured; but what there is in the system which produces or causes these lesions to form we are in ignorance.

Therefore, in the present state of our knowledge, it would seem futile to hope for an anti-tubercular vaccine to be produced that would immunize the human race against the frightful scourge of the great white plague. The wise thing for all people to remember is the truth of the Scotch adage: "It is easier to keep out than to get out." Hence all individuals lower vital resistance or those in whom through employment and environment the conditions are at work to produce the possibility of tubercular invasion should at once remove themselves from such exciting causes. The best cure for tuberculosis is the prevention of it.

HOMER M. THOMAS, M. D.

Unrest of the Rich.

A man who has made a fortune is never at rest. He begins by driving dogs and a man who ends with the dollars driving him. I have less time now that I can call my own than ever before. I am busy all the time, early and late, mornings, nights and holidays. I am on the jump all day, from one thing to another, until I swear that I won't see another man and will stop and go to the hotel and am waylaid again. I fly from there to my home, order the servants to say I am not at home and try to get a little time with my family.

The world seems to be full of people wanting somebody else to do their work for them. I have found that only one person can help a man very much, and that is himself. If a man waits for somebody else to lift him along, he will stay where he is in a majority of cases.

THOMAS W. LAWSON.

PROFESSOR WALLACE PAYNE.

He Has Completed Thirty Years' Service at Carleton College.

Prof. William Wallace Payne, who has completed thirty years of active and valuable service at Carleton College, is a native of Northfield, Mass., is one of the best known astronomers in America, and has done much to popularize his science and to build up the astronomical work in the institution with which he has been so long and so worthily connected.

He was born in Hillsdale County, Michigan, in 1857, and was graduated from Hillsdale College in 1883. In 1871 he came to Carleton as professor of mathematics and natural philosophy. After several years of faithful work he succeeded in his long cherished desire of building an efficient observatory here. In 1882 he perfected the weather service, for which Northfield is famous. Prof. Payne is in excellent health, and looks forward to many years of useful activity.

A Dangerous Man.

"Papa has forbidden you to come to the house. He says you are a dangerous man."

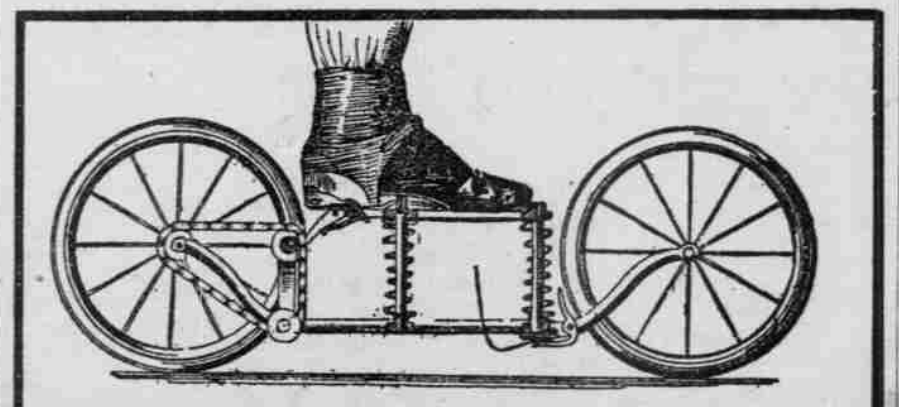
"Dangerous! What can he mean?"

"He says you are the kind of a man who will hang around a girl all her life and never marry her!"—Life.

A man's head is so turned by a woman in his courtship days that after he marries it revolves around so rapidly in untwisting that it is likely to come off.

Theme for a ghost story: A woman has a dead bird on her hat; the bird suddenly bursts into song and scares the woman to death.

BICYCLE IDEA IN ROLLER SKATES.



Here is a roller skate that is a sort of bicycle for the foot. It has only just been patented. The weight of the skater resting upon one foot pushes down a spring, which is so arranged by gearing with the rear wheel as to propel the whole mechanism powerfully. The skater need hardly do more than walk along, and the machine does the rest, pushing him ahead at a tremendous speed.

HELD FOR HIS OWN MURDER

It is all arranged for to-morrow," said Mrs. Latymer-Wynne, as she and her husband took their seats at the dinner table.

"What is arranged?" asked her husband, a little grumpily, for he had had a long and fatiguing day in the city.

"O, the football match, of course."

"And are you going to waste your afternoon in looking on?"

"O, no; I am going to play."

"You cannot be serious, Kate. You, a married woman with two children, going to exhibit yourself in that way before a crowd of loafers! And in that dress, too!"

"Well, the dress is a little unbecoming—that's the worst of it. But as to exhibiting one's self, that's all nonsense. Isn't it a woman's business to exhibit herself? Don't we all exhibit ourselves when we go to a drawing-room?"

Mrs. Latymer-Wynne was decidedly cleverer than her husband, and kept him, on the whole, in a state of subjection. He was a good, honest fellow, who did well on the Stock Exchange, where his high animal spirits and propensity for practical joking were much appreciated; but he was no match for his pretty wife in the little verbal conflicts which sometimes take place between the most affectionate couples.

"I'm really lucky to have the chance," she went on. "Mrs. Flyte—that's our captain, you know—said that, on present form, I hadn't much claim to a place on the team, but that, as two of her cranks were down, she'd give me a trial. O, wasn't it good of her?"

"And you're going to allow a lot of cads to criticize you, and perhaps call out, 'Go it, Tommy,' as they did at a ladies' football match the other day. Ladies, indeed! It's positively disgusting!"

"O, I think I'm all right, Harry. And if they like to call me 'Tommy' I don't mind. You know it's meant in admiration."

"You will regret it yourself one day, Kate—I am sure you will."

But Mrs. Latymer-Wynne only smiled. Still, if she could have foreseen the terrible calamity that was about to befall her she would, no doubt have relented. But who can foresee the future?

Those who were living in Clapham—or, indeed, anywhere in the city, at that time cannot have forgotten the extraordinary sensation that was excited by what was called the Clapham mystery. And the scene of the mystery was Mrs. Latymer-Wynne's house.

It appeared that, as the various rooms in the upper story were in the hands of the painters and decorators, Mr. Latymer-Wynne occupied temporarily the library on the ground floor as a bedroom, while his wife slept with the children on another floor.

Nothing occurred during the night to disturb those who slept upstairs. But when the servants came down in the morning and proceeded to call their master they were unable to rouse him. The door was forced open.

There was no sign of Mr. Latymer-Wynne, but there were various indications of a desperate struggle.

One of the windows was open below, and between this window and the bed the floor was strewn with fragments of the heavy china ewer belonging to the washstand. It appeared as if this had been used by the unfortunate man as the only thing in the nature of a weapon within reach. More ominous still, a closer inspection revealed blood stains on the carpet.

A little later Inspector Bickerdike, the celebrated detective, made his appearance on the scene.

It almost seemed as if even Inspector Bickerdike would for once be baffled. But at last his patience was rewarded; a sweep made his appearance on the scene and informed the detective that as he was passing the house in the early dawn he had seen a man, shabbily dressed in a gray suit, stealing from the premises.

The inspector's small eyes twinkled with satisfaction as he listened to this statement. The mere fact that the criminal wore a gray suit did not seem much to go upon, but Inspector Bickerdike felt sure that it would be enough for him. He would track that gray suit to the remotest corner of the earth.

The next morning there was in all the papers a long account of "The Clapham Mystery." A well known member of the Stock Exchange had been surprised by burglars when asleep, and after a desperate resistance had been murdered and the body carried off. And yet all the efforts of the police to discover where the corpse had been hidden had been fruitless.

But, the investigation having been entrusted to Inspector Bickerdike, that famous detective had already made an arrest on suspicion. He had succeeded in tracking one of the supposed murderers—the man in the gray suit—step by step from Clapham to Whitechapel, where he had discovered him in a low public house and arrested him. It was added that he would be brought before the magistrates some time that day (Saturday).

When the man was placed in the dock he refused to give his name and address, nor would he give any account of himself. He had, therefore, been taken to the station and there searched and his clothes examined. Blood stains were found upon them.

These might be accounted for by a fresh cut on the thumb of the right hand. He had in his possession a large sum of money in notes and gold, of which he refused to give any account. In fact, he had hardly spoken a dozen words since his arrest.

But the strongest piece of evidence against him was that a watch and chain had been found upon him which had been shown to Mrs. Latymer-Wynne and which had been identified by her as belonging to her husband.

The evidence of the servants and of the sweep (who swore to his identity) was taken, and then Mrs. Latymer-Wynne made her appearance. Apparently even his hardened nature had broken down at the thought of confronting the widow of his victim, for he

came back into court holding a handkerchief to his eyes.

Her evidence was short, relating as it did merely to the disappearance of her husband and the identification of the watch and chain. The prisoner declined to put any questions to the witness. He was now asked if he wished to say anything before being removed.

"Well, there is one thing I should like to ask," he said, "and that is whether there is any law in England against a man wearing his own watch and chain?"

"Don't trifle with the court," said the magistrate, sternly.

But something in the sound of the prisoner's voice had caused Mrs. Latymer-Wynne to turn around and to look at him again.

"What, Harry?" she cried. "Is it you?"

"What is the meaning of all this?" asked the magistrate, glaring at Inspector Bickerdike.

"Beg pardon, your worship," he stammered; "it beats me hollow."

"Allow me to explain," said the prisoner, blandly. "I am Mr. Latymer-Wynne, and I am curious to know why a gentleman may not leave his own house early in the morning without being arrested. May I ask what crime I have committed?"

"Your conduct is most reprehensible, sir," said the magistrate, ruffling with a sense of wounded dignity.

"Pardon me, your worship," said the prisoner. "I have done nothing. I have simply been passive in the hands of Inspector Bickerdike."

"And what was your object in playing such a farce?" asked the magistrate, gulping down his indignation.

"Well, I had two objects. The first is a private one, with which I will not trouble your worship. The other was to see how far the cleverness of a London detective would go. Now that I have got one of them to arrest a man as his own murderer I am satisfied. I think I have established a record."

"How could you give me such a fright, Harry?" said Mrs. Latymer-Wynne, as a few minutes later, she and her husband were driving home together in a cab. It was cruel of you."

"O, you know well enough. I had to stop you somehow from playing in that beastly football match. Next time I shall do something worse."

"But Harry, dear, you cannot really have thought that I ever meant to play. Why, I only said it to tease you."

"O! said Harry. "Then I needn't have smashed the water jug or cut my finger, after all. But who is to know what a woman does mean?"

MUST SPEAK IN ENGLISH.

Railroad Company in Pennsylvania. Tobacco the Dutch Dialect. Pennsylvania Dutch is spoken to such an extent in various parts of the Keystone State as to have become an issue that has created some feeling. The Lehigh Valley Railroad Company has recently offended some of its patrons by ordering all crews on its lines to use only the English language while on duty. The order says that "under no circumstances shall Pennsylvania German be spoken," and it is said to have been issued for the reason that recently a serious collision nearly resulted because a conductor, gave directions to his crew in this language, and a brakeman who did not understand it perfectly shifted the cars to the wrong track.

As the rules are printed in English, the railroad officials are plainly in the right in insisting that this language shall be exclusively used by its employees while on duty.

What kind of a language is this Pennsylvania German tongue, which requires such an unusual order to be issued to railroad crews? It is a strange combination of English and the German dialect spoken in Northern Bavaria.

A quarter of a century ago it was said that this language was dying out and would soon be no more. Such prophecies, however, have proved to be false, for it is now spoken more widely than ever before. Two millions of people in Pennsylvania, and probably a million more who have emigrated from Pennsylvania to the Middle West, use it in daily conversation. Even in cities like Allentown and Reading no merchant can be successful in business unless his employees are proficient in its use. On the trolley lines and in the railroad yards employees may be heard employing it constantly in social conversation. These men speak English well, but it is easier for them to chat in this strange dialect, which is governed by no rules of grammar. It seems that they are using it even when on duty, but the safety of the public demands that the practice shall be stopped, and the employees themselves will doubtless all agree that the Lehigh Valley railroad has done a good thing in issuing the orders.

Pleased with the Hour. Lieut. Harman was saying the other day that he had hardly ever seen an Irishman who wasn't ready with a quick retort, no matter what the circumstances might be.

"It was about three years ago that I arrested a certain fellow. He was about the drunkest man I ever saw to be still standing on his feet. As soon as I got hold of him he wanted to make trouble. He was just like many others from the old sod when they get full of bad 'booze' and they think there is a chance for a scrap. He made a pass at me, but I reached over and tapped him once on the head with my stick. He became quiet right away, and he looked up at me and said:

"'And what time is it?'"

"Of course I couldn't help but answer, 'Just struck one.'"

"Well, if that's so," he answered, "O'm dun glad yez didn't hit me an hour sooner!"—Louisville Times.

San Francisco's Two Big Fires. San Francisco had two fires six weeks apart in 1851, inflicting a loss of \$4,000,000 in the first and of \$3,000,000 in the second.

People wonder what lovers talk about; get it, and you'll find out.